

etymology what it means, nor does the word "pericarditis" tell us what the thing is. Here belong all the medical terms which are misleading as through them we get only a superficial description of the thing and are led to take that for a definition of the purpose and ultimate value. *Nāmarūpa, sāṅkhya, anatta, unsubstantiality* cannot be understood from their etymology, for what has substance rationally to do with "standing under"? It is purely a matter of chance that "substance" means what it does mean, for all we know it might have come to mean "understanding." The *primary* meaning always rests on chance, like all crude happenings which form the base of experience. Words are bricks with which we build sense, but in themselves are meaningless. As soon as a word becomes a *term* or a *title*, it loses its etymological value. To get, for instance, at the real (originally intended) meaning of the word "sāṅkhya" we must not take its etymology as decisive, as that is misleading. It is the same with titles of people, which do not define the people's value, but deceive us about the real value of the person who bears the title. It is most important to realize that things are called by what they *appear* to be and not by what they *are*. One names a thing (view No. 2) before examining it, and the word is a symbol for its appearance.

In conclusion, a few words about ultimate issues and applications, Philology and philosophy are the two final disciplines of the human mind. The result of every research, every feeling, every thought, is communicated and handed on in language. Thus language is the depository of the human mind; and in this age has become a faulty depository as specialization has boiled down the creative power of artistic reproduction into analysis, bare logic and definitions, i.e., the more *scientific* it has become. And philology takes the life out of the spontaneous manifestations of the human heart by preserving and treating the outward shell only, like the botanist presses the living flowers into dry specimens. But the philosopher as the truer of the two puts life back into the shell by means of his creative imagination, like the gardener tends the living flowers and the artist preserves the passing appearances of life in a lifelike picture of his imagination.

If we want to save not only a vestige of life but recreate the overflowing, genuine, full life of the past as a part of our own life (because contained in and flowing out of the universal source of life) we must insist on a leavening and infusion of philology by philosophy. Although philosophy may in the end be said to depend and rely on philology as its representative element, we must not forget that this representation is a far deeper image than the mere word. It is a symbol composed of many words (for one single word contains no philosophy), set into a picture as a hymn, a poem, or a myth. Finally all representation and explanation of the world proceeds in images; it is by means of a vision and a myth the human soul tries to express the World Soul, and philosophy fills each word with the breath of life and the experience of the whole race as it is attached invisibly yet effectively to the symbol, like the breath of the World-Soul pervades every living form and lives on even after the form decays

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